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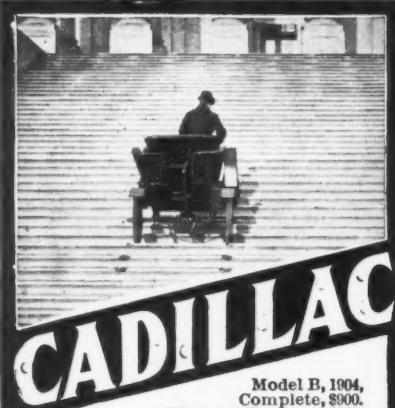


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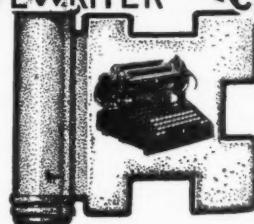
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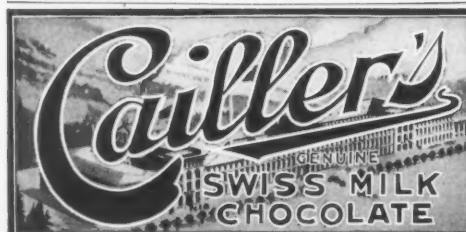


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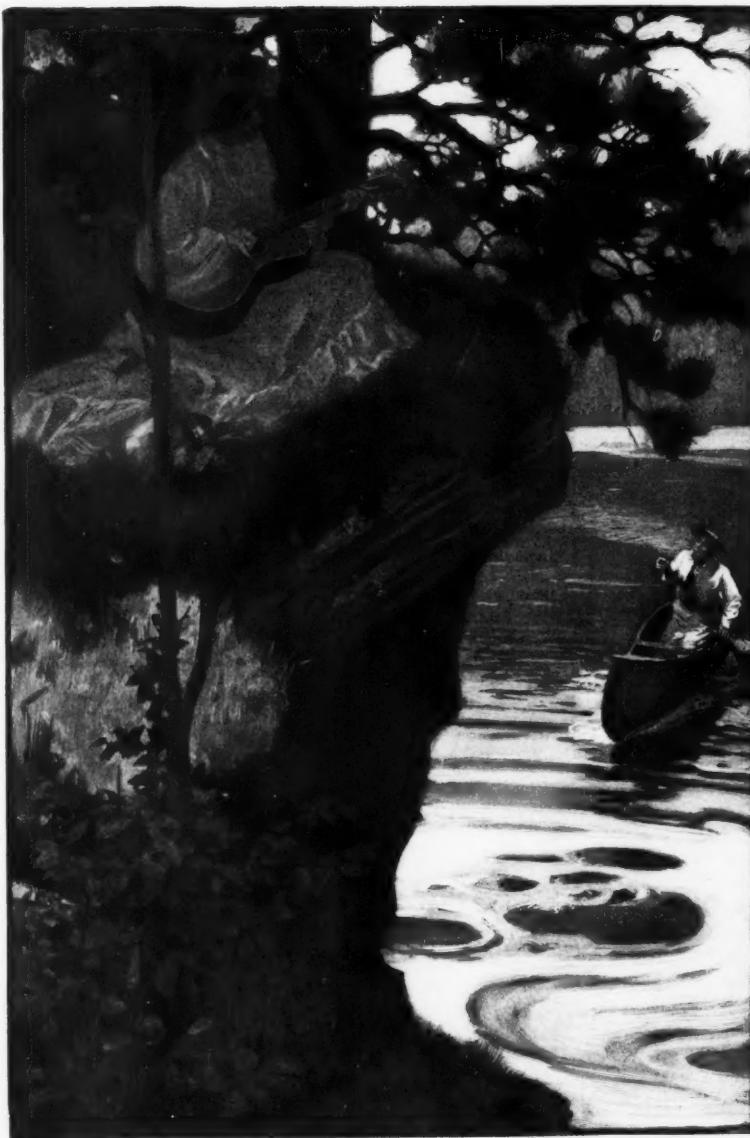
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LIFE



"DIE LORELEI."

A Speaking Likeness.

MRS. FONDMAR: Don't you think baby grows more like me every day?

FONDMAR: Yes, dear, especially so since she began to talk.

Society.

HE: Can't we just quietly separate without getting a formal divorce?

SHE: But I'm already engaged to another.

Loss.

JACK and Harry, hunting trouble, Tried to run Dad's auto-bubble— Dad found some shreds of cuffs and collars, And sighed, "There goes a thousand dollars!"

Philanthropy.

IT is announced by authority that General McFudge has made another princely donation to McFudge University.

Gold floors will be laid in all the buildings of the institution; an equatorial telescope, with an aperture of forty feet, will be mounted; the museums will be enlarged until they cover eighty acres, and one hundred million volumes will be added to the library.

The determination is to make McFudge the equal of any school in the United States.

No professor is paid less than one thousand dollars a week at McFudge, and this broad policy is attracting the best scholarship of the age. With an especial endowment of a billion dollars, the income of which is devoted in perpetuity to bribing students to attend, it is felt that the future of the University is assured.

The alumni of the school have just donated a magnificent altar piece for the Chapel. It represents General McFudge being crowned by the Muses.

Evidence.

"IS she lacking in tact as a hostess?" "Is she lacking in tact? She's the kind that would ask Bishop Potter to take Carrie Nation into dinner."

Awful Thought.

STRAWBER (dejectedly): I'm afraid that heartless flirt of a girl is going to jilt me. She shows evidence of getting tired of me.

SINGERLY: Don't be too hard on her, old man. Suppose you had been making love to yourself for two or three months. Would it make you tired?

"I DON'T know what we shall do if expenses keep on increasing."

"Isn't it fierce? Why, my last home cost nearly two millions!"



"While there is Life there's Hope."
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A CARTOON by Mr. Davenport, in the *Mail*, shows us the real Roosevelt, who stands up straight, on sturdy pins, and insists that "ours is not the creed of the weakling and the coward." Behind him stands an imaginary Roosevelt, of restricted stature, very badly scared. "Which one," inquires the cartoonist, "do you prefer?"

For our part, give us the real thing. We know it is there and are not fooled by any of the efforts of the Republican managers to draw a curtain on it. The Republican managers may have reason to feel sore at Mr. Davenport's exposure of their timorous efforts to repress their candidate's ardor, but it serves them right to be shown up. If Colonel Roosevelt had been a man of carefully regulated propriety in utterance and action, would he have been a candidate for President? Never! It was his remarkable gift for bursting through the paper-covered hoops, and banging the big drum on its centre, that made him a leader. If now in any degree he has been gagged or hopped, it is his Republican advisers who have done it, and not the Democrats. His manly shirt-front hides no aspiration or purpose which his Democratic admirers would not be thrice and four

times glad to have him utter and expound. If he is holding in a bit, it is not for fear of scaring off Democrats, but Republicans. All the more manly is it for Mr. Davenport to expose what seems to be an untimely repression of his natural manner and his natural thoughts.



THE truth is that Colonel Roosevelt ought to have been the Democratic candidate. He is of the proper temperament to have made a very useful leader for that party. He has the temper of a reformer. He ought to be stumping the country for tariff reform and a proper regulation of the trusts and railroads. He ought to be the idol of the South instead of the bugbear conjured up by Southern mothers to scare bad children. It is the old, familiar sarcasm of destiny which has made him the Republican President instead of the leader of the Democratic opposition. And how he would have enjoyed it! Dear, dear! Read Mr. Brooks Adams' piece in the *North American Review* on "Legal Supervision of the Transportation Tax." It gives an interesting picture of the powers of the great railroads to favor or distress communities; to build up cities or pull them down. That power, Mr. Adams says, was checked by the Northern Securities Decision, and he calls urgently for Mr. Roosevelt's re-election, to the end that what was gained by that decision may not be lost by changes in the Supreme Court. "Mr. Roosevelt," he says, "stands for the principle of legal supervision for the protection of the citizen." Think of it! And he is the candidate of "stand-pat," and the political heir of Mark Hanna! It is a curious mix-up, and certainly fate has seldom been more sarcastic than when she stole Theodore Roosevelt out of the Democratic cradle and deposited him on the Republican doorstep.

If Colonel Roosevelt had been raised a Democrat, he would not have made the mistakes, venial and unimportant in themselves, which have turned the South against him. He would be a likely and attractive young hard-money politician, with reasonable mis-

givings about the growth of the money power, and a critical eye on the tariff.



NOBODY seems to have remarked on the pathos in the announcement of Uncle David Hill that he will retire from active politics at the close of the present campaign. The announcement is intended, and will be accepted, as a guarantee that he will not be a member of Judge Parker's Cabinet if the Judge has occasion to form one. Uncle David is so universally distrusted as a politician, that the fear that he might be Judge Parker's Secretary of State was hurting the Judge's chances of election, and Mr. Hill's declaration of his intended retirement will help the Democratic ticket.

It attests Mr. Hill's solicitude for Parker's success, that he should have been willing to promise to wipe himself out of politics in order to promote it. What ails Uncle David that so industrious, devoted and able a man should have finally come to be such a weight around the neck of his party? Nobody ever worked harder or more steadily, according to his lights, for Democratic success than he. And he succeeded a good deal in his day, only to come late to obvious and insurmountable failure. He never stole money. He may have wanted office for himself, but that is not a killing offence. And yet he is a dead duck in politics. His trouble, as diagnosed by the learned, is that he never had a political conviction, or any sort of conviction, that he would not give up for the sake of getting votes. He has been like a woman with all the longings and instincts of a mother, and no baby. If he had had a conviction he would have nursed it with sleepless care, cherished it, defended it, fought for it to the death. He would have known just what to do to make it prevail. But he never had one. All he has been able to raise was a machine, and that is no longer of any use to him, nor he to it.

Now then, why can't the New York Democrats run Edward M. Shepard for Governor?



"BETWEEN TWO FIRES."

The Particular Man.

ONCE there was a man who was very particular about the right girl to marry; so, accompanied by his private secretary to aid him in his choice, he naturally came to America.

And after the private secretary had scurried about for awhile, he rounded up a lot of ladies in front of the wife hunter, and said :

"Here they are. All fine specimens of the American girl."

"What are their characteristics?" asked the particular man.

"Here," said the private secretary, "is the girl who knows how to cook."

"Humph!" said the man, "she isn't much on looks."

"Then here is a good-looker, but she isn't very useful. She likes to dress well, and sit around and take it out in merry talk."

"Put her aside for a moment. Ah, what have we here?"

"This young woman is brainy. She

is a walking encyclopedia and can talk you deaf, dumb and blind in eight languages, but, in all justice, it is but right to state that for a short time she can make herself interesting."

"Well, well, what next?"

"Here's an athletic girl. She's a true sport; healthy, as you see, and good-looking, if you like that kind. She can lift a hundred-pound dumbbell and knows how to repair an auto."

"Put her with the others. Any more?"

"Yes. Here's a clinger—one of the quiet, affectionate kind that likes to stay home and do the family mending, and rarely speaks unless spoken to."

"All right. I'll take 'em all."

The private secretary gasped.

"All!" he exclaimed. "But you can't do that."

The particular man smiled.

"Yes, I can," he replied. "I want one good wife, and there's no other

way to get one, but in a combination like this. So you go out and hire a special train, and we'll all leave for Salt Lake City to-night."

The Return.

"OH, Clarence, darling, so you are home at last?"

"Yes, my precious wife. And how deliciously sweet it is to be here!"

"What ages it has been!"

"Yes, dearest, hasn't it? I thought the time would never pass!"

"And what did you do with yourself all the long, long, cruel hours?"

"I hardly know. Just hoped they would go as quickly as possible so that I might get to my little wifie. And you?"

"Sat and thought about you the entire time. Clarence, I don't believe you've changed a mite since you went away. It is marvelous!"

"And you, dear one, look quite as familiar as ever. I declare I should have recognized you anywhere."

"And the house—does it look familiar, too?"

"I declare it does, though it seems a long, long dream since I saw it last."

"Clarence!"

"Ethel!"

Cataclysm.

Then this young pair spent the rest of the evening renewing acquaintance with everything, for it was the first day he had gone back to the office after the wedding trip.

Virginia Niles Leeds.

ONE OF A LOVING COUPLE (watching pile-driver at work):

Dear, I feel so sorry for those poor men. They have been trying for the last half hour to lift that thing out, and every time they get it almost to the top, it falls back again.

Hopeless.

THE white-faced, wild-eyed man muttered unintelligible things to himself as he strode through the streets. Day after day he wandered aimlessly, pausing neither for food nor rest; but babbling, babbling ceaselessly, until his friends, alarmed, placed him under the care of an alienist.

"Incurably insane," was the medical verdict, "through trying to discover some meaning in Rudyard Kipling's recently printed magazine stories."

Our Fresh-Air Fund.

Previously acknowledged.....	\$6,644.00
May, Sallie and Helen.....	15.00
Entertainment, Deer Park Hotel, Md., by	
J. Ogden Hoffman, Jr., G. N. Leger,	
C. Callery, W. Kuhn, R. Lansburgh	
and Wm. Callery.....	25.25
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When You Are Towed Home.

ALTHOUGH no mathematician has ever yet been able to compute accurately all of the things that can happen to a motor car, they may properly be divided into two grand divisions, which are: Those you can repair yourself and those you cannot.

Carbolic acid from a neighboring drug store has been known to resuscitate a drooping set of batteries; and if they are too far gone, the automobilist can drink it himself and thus end all of his troubles. Spark plugs are of various denominations, and when one

doesn't work, another may. It is possible, with a large assortment of wrenches, an extensive vocabulary and a well-developed set of intercostal muscles, to lie on one's back in the dust for an hour or so and adjust the differential gear; or, by prayer and fasting and enough talcum powder, replace an inner tube.

But when your cylinder head is cracked, your vibrator coil blows out, your crank-shaft tries to make both ends meet, or your piston-rod or fly-wheel work loose, then you hoist signals of distress, calculate your rations, and wait, with all of the philosophic calm you can muster on short notice, for a "tow."

After awhile, some fellow, who has at least a semblance of a heart in his manly breast, toots along, throws you a line, and you are off.

At first you experience nothing but a sense of exultation to think that relief has at last come. Then the humiliation, the peculiar disgrace of your position, begins to strike in.

It is, of course, broad daylight.

Never before have you realized the comfortable security of a dark and moonless night. Now it is as if your very soul, with everything in it that you have hitherto regarded as sacred, was exposed to, the vulgar gaze of the multitude. An hour before, as, with vibratory superciliousness you flew by a trolley car, your bosom swelled with pride. Now these plebeians turn to look at you with an unconfin'd cheerfulness, as you are yanked slowly by.

But, after all, perhaps your keenest agony is caused by your equals. Apparently every one you have ever known has been waiting to see you pass. Jones, who remarked only last week with polite insolence that your machine was no good, waves his hand at you in fiendish triumph. Smith, who keeps horses, and to whom you have confided with mendacious warmth the interesting fact that you never have any



"LABORING UNDER A MISTAKE."

trouble, smiles as he greets you with a sympathetic sneer. Ladies whom you know casually bow gingerly, as if you were some public criminal, and then turn to each other with suppressed mirth. The eldest daughter of your intimate friend smirks at you blandly.

But it is only when, several hours later, you face your wife, that the last depth of misery is reached. You realize, as you look at her silent and reproachful face, that she has heard the awful news.

"Darling," you murmur, "all the world has gone back on me. Only tell me that you still cherish some atom of respect for me."

And then your wife replies, with averted gaze:

"After you have taken a bath, my dear, I will talk to you."

Tom Masson.

A Part Never Is the Whole.

"**M**OST divorces are caused by a very common mistake."

"What is it?"

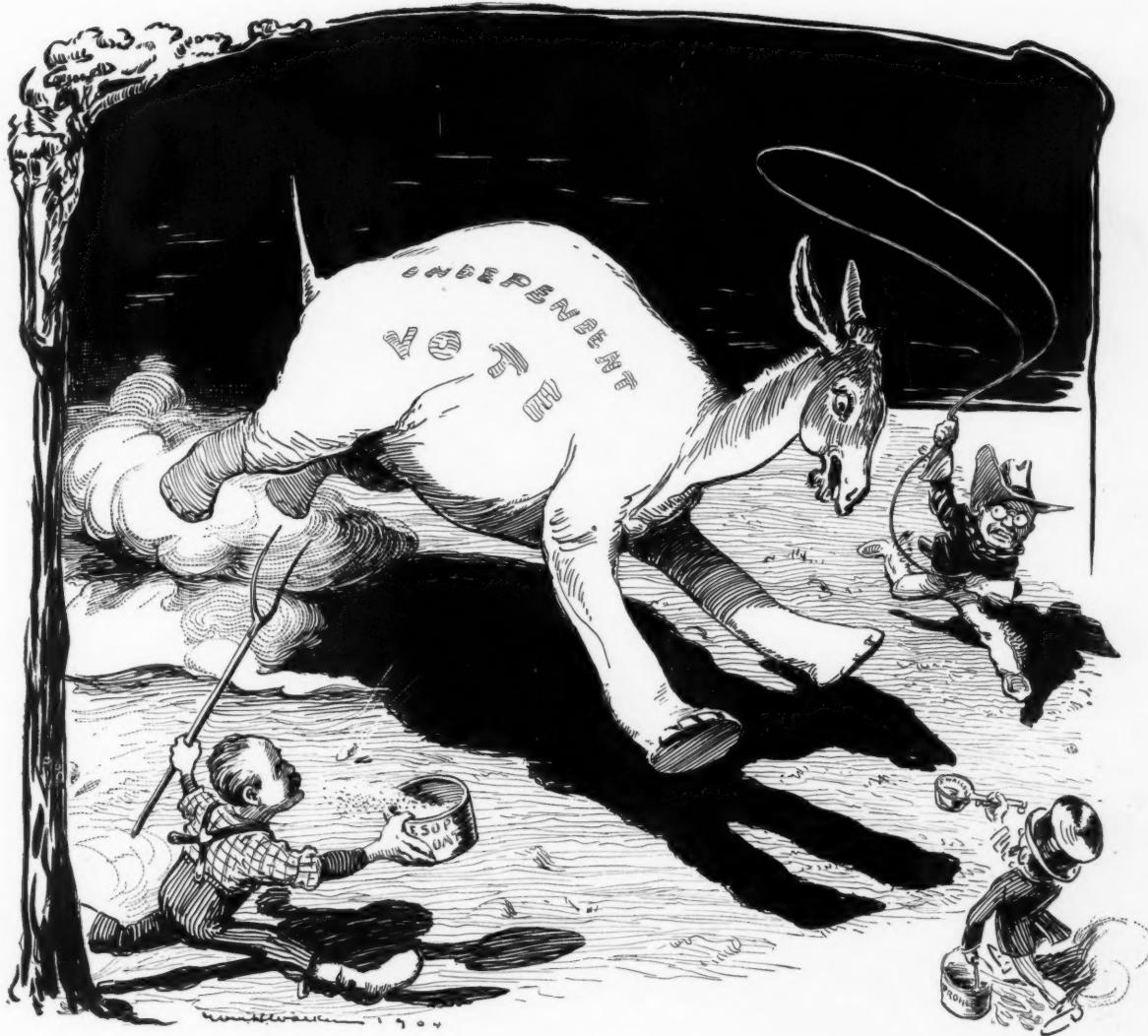
"Many a man in love only with a dimple or a curl makes the mistake of marrying the whole girl."



IN OLD JAPAN.

Madam Butterfly: SEE HERE, WILLIE, I DON'T WANT YOU TO START THAT.

"TOO LATE, MOTHER. I'VE GOT THE FEVER."



THE OLD GAME.

"CATCH THE INDEPENDENT VOTE."

Their Only Chance.

"**V**ERY sorry I cannot employ you, sir," said the merchant, "but you're too old."

"Why," returned the applicant, "I'm in perfect health, strong, in full possession of my faculties, and only forty-eight—in my prime."

"Have you tried the railroads, banks, insurance companies—yes, everywhere? None of them want you? Yes—you're too old! Must have young heads, young ability."

"But what is a man of my age and

in splendid condition to do for a living, sir?"

"Hem! I don't know. Ah, yes—become a United States Senator or President—just the right age for something of that kind. You'd do all right as President of the United States, but you're not good enough for a book-keeper or street car conductor! Good day!"

Henry Waldorf Francis.

OUR thanks to Mr. George H. Chapin and to Mr. Will DeForest for a set of extraordinarily good photographs recently taken by these

gentlemen at LIFE'S Farm. These views of the Farm and its occupants, to appear later in these pages, will be of exceptional interest to all friends of this charity.

FIRST EDITOR: The Alice Roosevelt Special has just been set up.

SSECOND EDITOR: Then let the paper go to press.

I WAS asked by a charming young Mrs.:

"Pray, what's the best way to give hrs.?"

Then, in spite of her fears,

I seized both her ears,

And showed her, and said: "My dear, thrs.!"

• LIFE •

A Possibility of the Present.



THE Beautiful

Woman proudly defied
Time who stood
before her, his
long scythe threateningly upraised.

"Put down that
weapon," she said,
with calm scorn.
"I fear you not."

Overwhelmed
with astonishment,
the old man slowly
lowered his terrible,
gleaming blade. "You do
not fear me!" he
gasped.
"That is
because
you do not
compre-
hend my
power.

Know then, that one touch of my
finger would wither your bloom, make
you old and withered and bent."

She smiled a faint, superior smile.

"Why, from the beginning of years,"
he continued, with growing irritation,
"women have shuddered at my very
approach. See how fair you are—
your lithe, young figure, your blooming
face, your bright eyes and pearly teeth.
'Twas but a day or two ago that Nature
came weeping to me and besought me
to spare you. She said that she con-
sidered you one of her masterpieces."

"Really! Her solicitude on my
behalf is quite uncalled for. I," with
haughtily raised head, "am indebted to
Nature for nothing but my skeleton."

"But your varied charms, your
manifold beauties—" cried Time.

"Those I owe to Art," she answered.
"And they are not only adjustable,
but renewable. Now do you under-
stand why I defy you?"

Mrs. Wilson Woodrow.

Modern Improvements.

"MRS. PACER is having her home
completely refurnished."
"Everything new?"
"Yes. Even to a husband."

A Tragedy.

DARLING, I have a confes-
sion to make."

Young Wimbledon and his wife
had just returned from their honey-
moon. As they stood in their
beautiful little apartment, with its
spick and span appearance, Wim-
bledon, seated in a comfortable
armchair, with a good cigar, was
expressing by every gesture his
perfect satisfaction with every-
thing in general.

Mrs. Wimbledon, as she spoke,
came over and took her husband's
hand in hers. "You won't mind,
will you, dear," she continued, "if
I tell you something I think you
ought to know? The fact is, I am
not what you think I am."

Wimbledon started.

"Not what I think you are," he
repeated. "Impossible! As if I
didn't know that you are the dearest
and sweetest girl in all the
world."

Wimbledon half-closed his eyes
and watched the curling smoke.

"Do you know, my dear," he
said, "the best thing about you is
your domesticity? You are just a
simple, sweet little woman, who
doesn't know it all."

Mrs. Wimbledon timidly held
his hand.

"My dear," she said, "that is
what my confession is about. In
our long courtship I have care-
fully avoided any of those subjects
that might have been calculated
to excite your suspicion. But now
I might as well tell you that I am
really an educated woman. I can
speak three languages, am sat-
urated with German opera, know
Herbert Spencer by heart, have
made a thorough study of social-
ism, transcendentalism, the higher
philosophy, education and biology."

The stricken man beside her
buried his face in his hands.

"Oh, why," he cried, "did you
not tell me this before?"

And his trembling wife replied:
"Alas, dearest! I did not dare!
I knew if I did that you would
never marry me."

T. M.



Miss Gertie Graduate (the righter of her sex's wrongs): AH, THERE'S A POOR GIRL CLERK BEING KEPT IN FOR SOME PETTY OFFENCE. I WILL RELEASE HER.



"COURAGE, MY DEAR."



"DON'T LOSE YOUR HEAD, BUT FOLLOW ME."

Before and After Taking.

DOCTOR QUACKLEY: Ah, um, you
say the medicine I prescribed hasn't
stopped the chills! Did you shake well
before taking?

DUMMAGER: Yes, and afterwards, too.



"WHAT DO YOU MANE BY INTERFERING WITH THE AIRLY CLOSING MOVEMENT?"



A MERICAN MAGNATE: What evidence can you give that you really belong to the English nobility?
SUITOR: Well, I have no respect for women, and I'm dead-broke.

The Tale of the Auto-Car.

(With apologies to Longfellow.)

IT was a fine, new auto-car,
That whizzed along, à la mode,
And the chauffeur had taken a lady fair
For company on the road.

Red was its paint as a devil's coat,
Its fixings were bright and clean,
And the steam filled all the air behind
With the smell of gasoline.

The chauffeur he sat by the steering gear,
His foot was on the gong,
And he watched how the mud and pebbles
flew

As they madly bubbled on.

Then up and spake the lady fair,
As timid as could be,

"I pray thee have a little care,
You go too fast for me.

"Last night we killed but a single dog,
To-night we've killed more than two."
The chauffeur he gave a clang on the
gong,
And faster and faster they flew.

"Be quiet! Be quiet! O lady dear,
And do not be afraid,
For I can drive the biggest car
That ever man has made."

"O Chauffeur, I hear a queer, strange
noise,
Oh, say, what may it be?"

"Perhaps 'tis the gasoline tank that leaks,
I'll have to get out and see."

"O Chauffeur, I hear the sound of guns,
Oh, say, what may it be?"

"'Tis a tire that bust on a rock in the
road,"
And under his breath cursed he.

"O Chauffeur, I see a distant light,
Oh, say, what may it be?"
But the chauffeur answered never a word,
For under the car was he.

Down on his knees, all oil and dirt,
He worked at the punctured tire,
His lantern gleamed through the thick,
blue air,

And his temper rose higher and higher.
Then again o'er the dusty country road,
Through the gathering dark and gloom,
Like a devil red, the auto flew
Towards its fast approaching doom.

The policemen were close upon her track,
As on and on she sped,
And a whooping copper jumped on back
And hit the chauffeur on the head.

He hit where the chauffeur's leather cap
Destroyed the force of the blow,
And he made a grab for the heavy brake,
And the auto ceased to go.

Her painted sides, all brown with dust,
With grime and dirt on board,
Like a great mud-pie, she stood in the
road.

"Ho, Ho," the muckers roared.

In the court-room, in the dreary dock,
The chauffeur stood aghast
At the awful fine he had to pay
For driving his car too fast.

Such was the tale of the auto-car,
With the chauffeur and his bride,
And they'll do it again, and pay their
fines,
For the sport of such a ride.

L. A. Throop.
D. M. Payson.

It Was.

"IS this really Heaven?"

As she spoke, the lady, who had just been admitted, looked around her in considerable astonishment.

"Why, this," she continued, "looks very much like the suburban home I left. The streets are not even paved with gold, and everything seems commonplace."

St. Peter smiled.

"Reserve your decision, madam," he said, "until you get settled. You will please take the third mansion to the right."

The lady looked anxious.

"Have I got to keep house here?" she inquired.

"Not at all. Everything is done for you. And not only that, but every cook who has, on earth, left you in the lurch will apply to you in turn and beg you for a place, and you will have the constant happiness of telling them all that you haven't the slightest use for them."

The lady bowed in acknowledgment of her error, as she swept on to her appointed place.

"I beg your pardon," she said humbly. "I was mistaken. This is indeed Heaven."

Marked.

"PERKINS married the daughter of an ambulance surgeon, but had to separate from her."

"What was the trouble?"

"Why, every time he was under the weather, they treated him as if he was drunk."



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SHOCKING.

MR. TAGG LEARNS THAT HIS DAUGHTER IS GOING

LIFE.



SHOCKING.

S DAUGHTER IS GOING TO MARRY AN AMERICAN.



Once More to the Feast.



HOPE seems to be the sole remaining asset left to the public from the Pandora's box which the Theatrical Syndicate has emptied upon the American stage. Even of that there does not appear to be enough left to make a respectable dividend. The Iroquois fire and other disasters of last season might, without undue presumption on the part of the public, have been expected to exert more or less of a chastening influence on the Unholy Alliance which is the ruling power of the theatre in America. On the contrary, every indication points to the worst elements in the Syndicate being in complete control, to a stronger preponderance of their objectionable methods, and to a yet further degradation of the stage and corruption of the public taste. The principle on which they provide for the public seems to be that a hungry man will eat almost anything set before him, and that, if the public is reduced to the starvation point in the matter of artistic and high-class entertainment, it will be bound to partake of the tainted stuff which it is alone within the low-class ability of the Syndicate's most powerful members to provide. Therefore, let us hug to our breasts the little remaining hope we have and proceed to the feast with what appetite we may.

* * *

THE story told in "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" is a tenuous one, but it serves its purpose as a string on which to thread the types made famous in Alice Hegan Rice's popular books. Incidentally, it allows *Mrs. Wiggs* to air some of her philosophy, although the process, at times, seems a bit forced. The characters represented are recognizable as having a foundation in real life, but they are made grotesque to the highest degree. *Mrs. Wiggs* herself is kept within the bounds of reason in Mrs. Madge Carr Cook's rendering, and gains the sympathy and respect of the audience for the humor, practicality and big-heartedness with which she meets the predicaments of a very hard life. Miss Lowell's *Miss Hazy* is also a recognizable type and well acted. The *Mr. Stubbins* of Mr. Hodge, the *Mrs. Eichorn* of Miss Lee and the *Mrs. Schulz* of Miss Fields are more exaggerated, but highly amusing. The other characters are commonplace in conception and acting.

"*Mrs. Wiggs*" is undeniably amusing, not only to those who like to become acquainted over again with book-char-

acters put into stage-flesh, but also to any one who is interested in types of contemporary life.



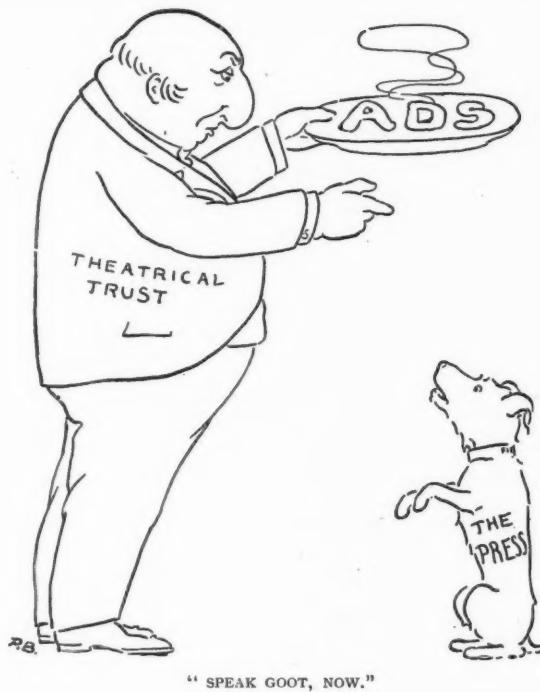
URIOUS, but two of the prettiest things in "The School Girl," the very English musical piece at Daly's, are American. One is the song, "My Cosey Corner Girl," which has kicked around New York restaurants as an instrumental selection for the last three or four years; the other is Edna May who, despite her approaching maturity, is still a very pretty woman of a colorless, expressionless type. Not much is to be said for her singing or acting, but her vogue with the Johnnies on both sides of the Atlantic makes her a valuable accessory to the kind of entertainment which appeals so strongly to the Johnnie element of metropolitan population.

Mr. Charles Frohman announces that "The School Girl" is given in New York "as played for one year at the Prince of Wales Theatre, London." This is slightly misleading. Mr. George Huntley, who will be remembered as the clever artist in "Three Little Maids" last year, who repeatedly confessed that he had "led a fe-ahful life," is not in the present cast, although he created *Sir Ormsby St. Ledger* in the London version and was a large percentage of the whole entertainment. Mr. George Grossmith, Jr., is substituted in the "No. 2" company, and while his rendering is very amusing, it is miles and miles away from the finished performance of Mr. Huntley. The cast, however, is not a bad one, the comedy element being well sustained by Mr. Fred Wright, Jr., as *General Marchmont* and Mr. James Blakely as *Tubby Bedford*.

The score of "The School Girl" suffers by comparison with other English pieces of the same sort which have been heard here, although it enlists the services of three or four composers. The music is more musicianly than that usually provided for American pieces of the same sort, but none of the numbers is likely to achieve great distinction. The book tells as much of a story as is usual to this class of entertainment, and some of the lines and selections are mirth-provoking.

"The School Girl" has the daintiness and refinement which distinguish the British musical play from its less finished American cousin. This particular example is not of startling merit, but it is amusing and at least innocuous.

PERSONS who drink very weak tea, and who thrive on grilled wheat—sold as a substitute for real coffee—may possibly like the dilute humor of Robert Marshall's "The Duke of Killicrankie." Other persons, with human appetites and vigorous senses, may think it has the comparative aroma of dish-water. The expert in things dramatic may conclude that Captain Marshall's humor is not so much at fault as the inexpertness shown in casting a play which is said to have been very successful with the English public. The fact is that John Drew, Ferdinand Gottschalk and Fanny Brough, all competent artists when they are rightly placed, seem unable to carry



much humor over the footlights when combined in this curiously involved invention of the British dramatist. He was evidently writing for the British public. Try we never so hard, it is a bit difficult to understand exactly what he's about as the present cast interprets his work. Mr. Drew is capital as Mr. Drew, but not exactly understandable as a Scottish duke who abducts a young woman; Mr. Gottschalk is excellently eccentric, but no one in the audience is quite clear as to why he does just what he does do; Fanny Brough is artistically hard-headed in circumstances in which no hard-headed London woman could possibly find herself.

There may be a reason for "The Duke of Killicrankie." There may be reasons for casting Mr. Drew, Mr. Gottschalk and Fanny Brough in their respective parts. There seems to be no real reason to try to find out the reasons for any of these things. To pay two dollars and a half a seat to do so seems a waste of money.

* * *

FOR Chicago to send a piece of the type of "The Royal Chef" to New York is a good deal like shipping anthracite coal to Scranton, Pennsylvania. New York's journeymen librettists and machine-working composers can turn out "Royal Chefs" by the gross, under Union rules and without working overtime. It is the usual, commonplace "show" of the musical sort, with the usual hard-working comedian, the usual two or three trained voices, the usual gags, the usual would-be-

catchy music, and the usual platoons of semi-dressed young women continually marching on and off the stage in the usual way. Its distinctive features are its many allusions to Chicago and the singing of a genuinely pathetic ditty by the comedian. New York audiences refuse to be thrilled by humorous allusions to Chicago's civic degradation, and they are not likely to shed any more tears over this particular comedian's attempt to be pathetic than over his attempts to be funny.

Chicago claims to be the metropolis of a large section. It is very likely that "The Royal Chef" would interest the inhabitants of any section of which Chicago is the metropolis.

* * *

ARATHER interesting relief to the mediocrity of "The Royal Chef" was provided by the interpolation of some semi-recitative songs by Ida Renee, an entertainer imported from London. She is not a raving beauty, as her portrait shows, but she has a most expressive face and eyes and a *naïveté* of voice and manner which hold the spectator's attention. The musical bits, which she half-sings and half-speaks, are original in construction, but they are also rather too piquant in matter to be suited for Sunday-school picnics and church sociables.

* * *

THE principal charm of this artist lies in her speaking voice, which shines by contrast with the unmusical tones of her American sisters on the same stage. And this raises a question with regard to the speaking voice of the American woman the country over. One may travel many a day's journey without hearing a single voice which is not either disagreeably nasal and high-pitched, or raucous in tone. This may be partly the fault of our catarrhal climate, or it may be a defect in the feminine ear owing to lack of example and education. It remains a fact, however, that the American woman's speaking voice, both on the stage and off, is unpleasant in modulation and inflection and wanting in distinction and sweetness. Musical education does not seem to remedy this national blemish, because singing-teachers flourish everywhere, and the best of singers are no better in this particular than women who have never taken a lesson.

It is up to the American mother and *The Ladies' Home Journal* to find out why it is that the American woman or girl can be identified anywhere in the world that her speech can be heard.

* * *

IN the new season's attractions there is certainly a wide variety. There is not much to appeal to the highly intellectual or to the artistically exacting, but in the way of amusements which are amusements only there is enough to choose from. They are also of a cleanly character. Public opinion seems to have checked the Syndicate in at least one of its early bad tendencies. *Metcalfe.*



IDA RENEE.



THE last literary work of the late Sir Leslie Stephen is a volume upon *Hobbes* for the English Men of Letter series. In Sir Leslie Stephen, by some subtle alchemy of soul, a keen intellect and a big heart were so combined, together with an ability to give grace and dignity to very simple words, that one not only sat at the feet of the critic, but loved the man. His analysis of the personality and philosophy of Thomas Hobbes proves how large a lump could be lightened by the leaven of his spirit.

The glimpse of realistic modern Japanese literature afforded by the translation into English, under the title of *Nami-Ko*, of Kenjiro Tokutomi's popular novel *Hototogisu*, is extremely interesting, both as a story and as a basis for ethical judgment. This, too, in spite of the manifest inadequacy of the translation, which over-emphasizes the author's sensitiveness to Western influences, and often fails to prison the Japanese spirit in the needlessly angular body of its Anglo-Saxon.

The tale of the boom-town has been frequently either toyed with or struggled with in recent novels, but so thoroughly genuine a picture as Herbert Quick's *Aladdin and Co.* has not heretofore been achieved. The buoyancy and boyish faith of the two leaders and their debonair cameraderie is a typical note in American life, but a distinctly new one in American fiction, and the heterogeneous make-up of the clique in control in the town of Latimore, and the intimate human interest of its social developments, make up a convincing and entertaining story.

The Heart of the Orient, a new book of travel from the pen of M. M. Shoemaker, carries the reader across Georgia, Armenia, Persia, Turkestan, and other Central Asian provinces. Mr. Shoemaker has good sight and a knack of straightforward description, and his book has the qualities and the limitations of these attributes.

Doubtless because most writers about New York have had antiquarian leanings, the description of the city of to-day has been largely left to the megaphone men of the "Seeing New York" company. Mr. Rupert Hughes has rectified this in a volume called *The Real New York*. This book is innocent of neither salt nor slang, but it takes what the guileless Chinaman of the treaty-ports calls a "look-see" at more sides of a many-sided town than any classical disquisition we know of, and is made up of what Mr. Hughes himself would call "straight goods."

The Rose of Old St. Louis is an intensely historical romance written expressly for the Louisiana Purchase Exposition year by Mrs. Mary Dillon. The hero, who tells the story, is remarkable for his agility in following the political storm-centre, his knack of overhearing private conversations, and the fact that he never discloses his own name. The story is smoothly written in good English.

If you hear wild yells in the backyard any time this fall,

do not be disturbed. They will probably proceed from the small boy next door who, having invested his pocket-money in *The Adventures of Buffalo Bill*, told by himself, is engaged in scalping the cat.

J. B. Kerfoot.

Hobbes. By Sir Leslie Stephen. (The Macmillan Company. 75c.)

Nami-Ko, from the Japanese of Kenjiro Tokutomi. (Herbert B. Turner and Company, Boston. \$1.50.)

Aladdin and Co. By Herbert Quick. (Henry Holt and Company. \$1.50.)

The Heart of the Orient. By Michael M. Shoemaker. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)

The Real New York. By Rupert Hughes. (The Smart Set Publishing Company. \$1.50.)

The Rose of Old St. Louis. By Mary Dillon. (The Century Company. \$1.50.)

The Adventures of Buffalo Bill. By Colonel W. F. Cody. (Harper and Brothers. 60c.)



The Admirer: TELL ME, SENATOR, DON'T YOU FIND IT FEARFULLY FATIGUING TO HOLD ALL THESE PUBLIC RECEPTIONS?

The Senator: WAL! NOT SO VERY. YE SEE, I WORKED ON A FARM AS A BOY, AND HED TO PUMP WATER FOR SIXTY HEAD OF CATTLE.



DAUBSON MAY BE A FLIRT AND A POOR PAINTER, BUT HIS HEART'S IN HIS WORK.

Sonnets of Schooldays.

SONNET OF THE MARTYRDOM OF LOVE.

I
VE hadd stoan broozes ann thee hives ann
ive
Bin stungg bi beeze wile playen neer thare hive
ann wunst i fel down frum ann appul tree
Ann broak mi koller boan ann skint mi nee
butt neaver felt uz bad uz yessturde
wenn teecher wiippt mi gurl fur somethin shee
Hadd dun in skool. i thott i koudunt stand
itt wenn he slept thatt rooler on hur hand.
ann wenj shee kride wi every teer shee shedd
Wuz like a hott kole fallen on mi hedd.

O wenn u luv a gurl like i luv hur
ann see hur getten wiippt ure eyes awl blur
ann u just wusht ure bigg enuf too taik
thee teecher bi thee koller ann just braik
Hiz rooler on ure nee ann tell him heez
Ure prizzener ann go down on his neez
Ann ast hur parrdun. butt u are to smal
too lick thee teecher ann too help hur. Awl
thatt u kan doo is gritt ure teath ann pray
ule gro enuf too hammur him sumday.
but yessturde i gott rite up wenn heez
A wippen hur ann i sez too him pleep
woant u wipp me ann lett hur go. Ann he
lookt funy att me ann sez surtenly
ile wipp u iff u want itt sur. ann thenn
He wiippt us boath. O i wuz hapy wenn

i noo thatt i wuz sharen awl hur pane.
uno a hearo is sumtimes insain
butt thay gett curridge frum thare luv ann taik
thare plais like marturs att a firey steak.

J. W. Foley.

Blessings.

IT is now made officially to appear,
what was shrewdly suspected all
along, that the Dutch troops in Su-
matra killed native women and chil-
dren because they could not do other-
wise. The native men had hidden be-
hind the women and children, and
there was no way left to extend the
blessings of civilization to the former
except through the latter.

Of course the day is long past when
chivalry will be suffered to set the limit
to philanthropy.

The report that the Dutch are ex-
tending dum dum blessings, which
mushroom and mutilate unnecessarily,
is naturally not believed.

Where Anglo-Saxons have found the
native too much inclined to dodge the

blessings of civilization, they have
lashed him to the mouth of their can-
non. But no candid person will blame
the Dutch because they are not Anglo-
Saxons.

Military.

GENERAL H. C. CORBIN, whose
business is war, is doubtless cor-
rect in saying that no reduction in
military expenditure can be made save
at the cost of a reduction in military
efficiency.

Others, whose business is paying
taxes, will be likely to reflect that
military inefficiency has prevented
more wars than military efficiency
ever won, and that there is nothing
like unpreparedness to forestall some
kinds of foolishness.

Oracles say, *Carpe diem*; that is,
pluck to-day.

Wherefore?

In order that a few vain men may
plume themselves, and a few prudent
men feather their nests?



A CERTAIN gushing lady took her four-year-old daughter to a photographer. The little one could not be made still. The camera man was as nice and suave as he could be, called the child all the sweet, endearing names he could think of, while using every device of gentle persuasion to make the little wiggler keep still. Finally he turned to the despairing mother and said:

"Madam, if you will leave your darling with me for a few minutes, I think I can succeed in taking her lovely face to perfection."

The mother withdrew for a short time. Soon the photographer summoned her back and exhibited a highly satisfactory negative. When they reached home the mother asked:

"Nellie, what did that nice gentleman say to you when I left you alone with him?"

"Well, he thaid," lisped Nellie, "If you don't thit sthill, you ugly, squint-eyed monkey, I'll thake the life out of your trembling carcath." Then I that very sthill, mamma!"—*New York Tribune*.

DURING a recent Baptist convention held in Charleston the Rev. Dr. Greene, of Washington, strolled down to the Battery one morning to take a look across the harbor at Fort Sumter. An old negro was sitting on the scawall fishing. Dr. Greene watched the lone fisherman, and finally saw him pull up an odd-looking fish, a cross between a toad and a catfish.

"What kind of a fish is that, old man?" inquired Dr. Greene.

"Dey calls it de Baptist fish," replied the fisherman, as he tossed it away in deep disgust.

"Why do they call it the Baptist fish?" asked the minister.

"Because dey spoil so soon after dey comes outen de water," answered the fisherman.—*Argonaut*.

AMONG the old miners of Siskiyou County a man can get worse whisky at Sawyer's bar than in any other place on earth. This is the belief of the gold-diggers of that section, and that faith is accepted as orthodox.

Regularly every Christmas Billy X., foreman of the Oro Fino mine, takes his lay-off down at Sawyer's.



FISHERMAN'S LUCK.

Once the superintendent asked him why he always selected that place for his vacation.

"I want to have one yearly drunk," said Billy, "and I want to know just when I am drunk, so that I may enjoy the sensation."

"Well, can't you enjoy the sensation in any other

portion of the county or State or continent?" asked the superintendent.

"No. When I'm drinking Sawyer's whisky and it begins to taste good, then I know I'm drunk."—*San Francisco Call*.

THE REV. DR. W. S. RAINSFORD, while talking of the Subway Tavern and other experiments in the direction of temperance the other day, told the following story of an Irish priest who was on his way home from a dying parishioner's bedside early one morning, when he found another parishioner lying in the ditch by the roadside.

"Why, Pat, where have you been, to get in such a state?" he asked.

"I don't rightly remember, your reverence whether it was a wedding or a funeral; but which ever it was, it was a grand success."—*New York Times*.

DR. X., of Capitol Hill, has—rare thing for a Washington physician—an Irish driver. The doctor's horse is kept at a livery stable, and when its owner and the driver arrived there on a Sunday morning not long ago the doctor discovered that his watch had run down hours before. He asked the time of one of the men lounging about the stable. The man produced a noisy tin turnip, and announced the hour as 8:57. Some body else's had it 9:10.

"Come on, Jim," said the doctor to the driver. "It's no use. No two of these watches agree."

"No two of them!" said Jim. "Faith, divil a wan of them agrees."—*Washington Post*.

AMONG the curiosities of the late Doctor Evans, the American dentist of Paris, was a letter written to him long ago, when he began his career in America. The letter was from a young farmer of Vermont who wanted a set of artificial teeth.

"My mouth," the young man wrote, "is three inches across, five-eighth inches threw the jaw. Some hummocky on the edge. Shaped like a hoss she to forard. If you want me to be more pertickil I shall have to come thar."—*New York Tribune*.

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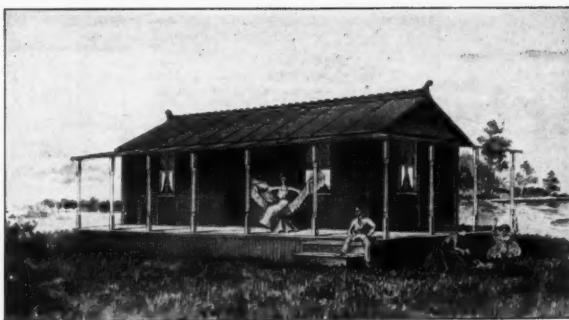
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"To speak the French tongue isn't hard,
Most any live man can command it;
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Is in making the French understand it."
—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

ONE of the favorite stories of Mayor Collins of Boston is about a man who, accompanied by his little boy, had occasion to cross a lot where a good-sized goat was feeding.

The father was a Christian Scientist and always carried a copy of Mrs. Eddy's works in his pocket. As they approached the goat the boy showed fear, whereat his father told him to think it not possible for the animal to harm them, but the boy, remembering a previous encounter with a goat, in which he came out second best, did not grow any braver.

"Papa, you're a Christian Scientist, all right," he said, "and so am I; but the goat doesn't know it."—*New York Times.*

"I AM very much bothered. I can marry a rich widow whom I don't love, or a poor girl that I do love. What shall I do?"

"Listen to your heart and marry the one you love."

"You are right, my friend. I shall marry the girl."

"Then can you give me the widow's address?"—*Fliegende Blätter.*

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A JAPANESE youth who obtained a situation with an English firm on trial was asked by the cashier a few days after his appointment to write to a customer who had been owing money to the house for a long time and who seemed to have no intention of paying. "Write briefly and politely," said the cashier, "but let him understand distinctly that we expect the money without further delay." The letter was written, and on the following day came a check for the amount due. The surprised cashier asked the new clerk to show him a copy of the letter which had been so effectual. It ran thus: "Dear Sir: If you do not send us at once the money you owe us, we shall be obliged to take steps which will cause you the utmost astonishment. Respectfully yours."—*Argonaut.*

THE SOUTH FOR HOSPITALITY: The Manor, Asheville, North Carolina, is the best inn South. *Booklet.*

SWEET YOUNG THING (in bathing suit): Surely, Aunt Margaret, you're not going to wear your spectacles in the water?

AUNT M.: Indeed, I am. Nothing shall induce me to take off another thing.—*Cincinnati Commercial-Tribune.*

DASHAWAY: Have you got a cigar for a friend? CLEVERTON (bringing out two and handing him one): Yes. Try this.

DASHAWAY: Not on your life. I'll take the other, which I see is one of Fonseca's. I don't want the cigars you give your friends.

"WHAT'S de reason you're so 'fraid o' travelin' in de mountains dis summer?" asked Meandering Mike.

"I jes' foun' somet'ing out," answered Plodding Pete. "De air up dere is liable to be so rarefied dat it's twice as much work to breathe as it is furder down."—*Washington Star.*

"Who's that unhappy looking fellow over there?"

"That's Scribblers. He writes for the funny papers."

"He doesn't look as though he had any sense of humor."

"Who said he had?"—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

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For your trip. To assist in arranging your trip get a copy of our book about the World's Fair, containing a complete colored map of grounds and other useful matter; also book entitled "List of Hotels; Boarding and Rooming Houses in St. Louis," with rates, etc., and "Book of Trains." Above sent to any address for four cents postage to cover mailing cost. A. J. SMITH, G. P. & T. A., Cleveland, O.



Prepared.

THE proprietor of a large office building, who had a room for his own use in one of the upper stories, was surprised one morning by the entrance of a man with a valise.

"Don't you want something, sir," began the caller, "in the way of a new and improved outfit for marking handkerchiefs, undergarments and"—

"No, I don't," interrupted the proprietor. "How did you get up here? We don't allow peddlers or canvassers in this building."

"You don't?"

"That's what I said."

"I saw no sign to that effect."

"Well, you'll see one the next time you come. I shall have one put up."

"In that case," rejoined the man, opening his valise with alacrity, "you will need one of these."

Here he displayed a neatly painted card over a foot long and nearly as wide, with this inscription in large letters:

"No Peddlers or Canvassers Allowed in This Building on Any Pretext Whatever."

In recognition of his caller's cleverness, genial humor and businesslike forethought, the owner of the building not only bought the card, but invested in one of the marking outfits.—*Youth's Companion.*



"THEY NEVER DISAPPOINT." Graham Supplementary Spiral Springs for hard riding Automobiles. Fit any car. Booklet free. The Graham Co., 11 Dennison St., Boston, Mass.

HAY FEVER and ASTHMA cured to stay CURED. BOOK 2¢ Free. P. Harold Hayes, Buffalo, N. Y.

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Has no counterpart at home or abroad. Its purity, flavor and healthfulness are peculiar to itself.

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